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THE OPERA.

As the time approaches for the reopening of this fashionable place of public amusement, it may not be amiss to venture a few words anent the promises held out by Mr. Lumley, the spirited lessee. The engagements both for opera and ballet look well—but in the former department we observe a few omissions that will be regretted by the subscribers. The ballet, which would appear to be the *cheval de bataille* of the establishment, is magnificently provided for.

The fair star of the opera will be Grisi—the superb Grisi—the modern Circe, under whose spell the aristocracy of England is bound in captivity more sweet than freedom. But, while we pause with delight over the name of our opera's chiefest queen, we cannot put aside a keen regret, that she, who by her side was like the pale moon near the golden sun—that she, the gentle Persiani—whose luxury of notes was as the nightingale's—should be missing from the list of our anticipated pleasures. Her absence leaves a dark spot on the sunny atmosphere that clothes the coming season like a robe. Often will she be looked for, and sadly will her loss be felt by the opera frequenters. Her vacant place cannot easily be filled up. To Grisi we have to add Castellan, a charming *mezzo soprano*, who figured conspicuously last season at our benefit concerts, and who has been shining as a star in the autumn of St. Petersburg—mocking its cold horizon with her rays:—

Like the sun from a wintry sky.

Next to her Brambilla must be named—a *contralto*, well known and highly estimated by musicians. We must confess that to these we should like to have been enabled to add Albertazzi, who is now in England unengaged. Albertazzi, in addition to a delicious voice—a perfect *mezzo soprano*—has a style peculiarly suited to the interpretation of modern Italian opera. Her vocalization is distinguished alike for grace and facility. Her method is admirable, and her manner fervid, eloquent, and full of happy variety. To crown all, Albertazzi is an elegant and unaffected actress. It is little to the purpose to add that a more amiable and generally esteemed lady does not exist—but our sense of respect for Madame Albertazzi is too strong to allow of our refraining from its expression when the occasion permits. We trust that her claims to notice will not rest unregarded by the enterprising lessee of her majesty's

Italian Opera—for, surely, a better opportunity for consummating his almost perfect company—and one so near at hand, too—could hardly have presented itself. Mdlle. Rossetti, a new name, is a stranger to us, even by report. Mad. Rita Boria from Madrid, and Mad. Rossi Caccia from Lisbon, are not unknown to fame. If newspapers are to be credited, we may expect from both something more than common. These, we presume, are the stars who will shine before Easter.

The gentlemen are not so strong—though we see much good and some novelty among the names. Moriani, though somewhat over-rated, is a fine singer. His style has something of the Duprez—and his voice, if not quite so much worn by time and strong exertion, is not greatly dissimilar from that of the popular Frenchman. He and Fornasari—about whom we have often and candidly enough stated our opinion to save us the necessity now—are engaged to appear before Easter; a wise step on the part of the lessee. Signor Corelli is a nice tenor—not so good as our own Allen, though his voice be more powerful. Mario—in many respects a good, in some respects a faulty, and in all respects an over-rated singer—is a great favorite with the opera-going public, and that goes almost as far as first-rate ability. Of Signor Botelli, from the Scala at Milan, we know nothing, except by report—and that is by no means over-zealous. To these add the celebrated *basso* from the *Académie Royale*, Barroilhet, who is engaged for a few nights, and about whom there are no dissentient opinions—the magnificent Lablache, *notre père à tous*, as Salvi enthusiastically terms him—and his clever son, Frederic Lablache, than whom a better *secondo basso* could scarcely be found—and, with a passing sigh for the absence of Tamburini and Rubini, we must perforce avow that Mr. Lumley has not been inactive in his efforts to render the male department of his vocal company as attractive as possible to his subscribers and the public.

One word will do for the promised operas which pretend to the epithet *new*—a somewhat ironical adjective, when applied to the efforts of modern Italian composers. These consist chiefly of some operas by a new star in the Italian horizon—Verdi—a *maestro* who has displaced Donizetti and Bellini from the thrones which they originally had usurped from the Swan of Pesaro, whose best works are now rarely heard in Italy. Add to these a new comic opera by Pacini, about which we hear some talk—the *Favorite* of Donizetti, a cumbersome

work, only fit to be presented before the insatiable frequenters of the *Academie Royale*, with its fulness of pageant and its emptiness of interest—and one or two others of no great notoriety—and we shall not be thought hypercritical when we assert that expectation has not much to feed upon. We shall look forward to the occasional glimpses of Mozart and Rossini, which the magnificent band and powerful vocal forces of the Italian opera render unprecedented treats to the amateur of music—and take the rest as it may come. Costa will, of course, be conductor—and perhaps no one could fill that place so well as her Majesty's Theatre, the air of which has but little in common with the Philharmonic atmosphere.

The ballet we leave to the morning papers, who will, doubtless, revel in fountains of anticipative eloquence. The philosophical and tri-scholastic critic of the *Times* has already commenced his terpsichorean *æsthetics*—and the quiet and sensible *Herald*, with the super-flowery *Post*, cannot be long silent.

"If winter comes can spring be far behind?"

The quotation does not apply, but we have no time to look for a better. We shall merely cite the names of the principal artists engaged. These include Taglioni, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi—those three graces, among whom are distributed all the essential requisites of the dance—two art-spirits and one spirit in whom art is nature and nature art—Taglioni, whose art has consummated grace, Cerito, whose art has sanctified luxury, and Carlotta—charmingest Carlotta!—whose *being* is so happily endowed, that she is the perfection of grace and luxury without knowing it, and the perfection of art without caring for it. About the male dancers we care not a straw, and shall merely mention Perrot as the true king of them—and St. Leon, a fiddler among dancers and a dancer among fiddlers. M. Nadaud will, as hitherto, lead the ballet, and several novelties are promised. The band will be on the usual scale of grandeur and perfection. How many gallant English artists combine to produce this excellence we need not say! And thus much for the Italian Opera, which opens for 1845, on Saturday, March 1.

J. W. D.

MUSIC IN CORK.

(From a Correspondent.)

Cork, the second city in Ireland—being next to Dublin in rank, number of inhabitants, wealth, and respectability—was once the seat of music and musical societies; it has fallen off lately very much from the erst boasted bye word, that "Cork is a very musical place;" however, if only the principal professors and amateurs of the city would pull together, they might soon restore it to all its pristine vigor and fame in the musical world. Let them take example by Belfast, a smaller city, which, with less individual talent, has its music hall and musical societies. But where does the fault lie? It is not with the public, for they always did support a society when in existence. But, as we said before, let the profession pull together

and avoid petty and futile bickerings and jealousies, encourage one another, and the work must succeed. A city that can boast such a leader of a band as Mr. Robt. F. Bowden, and such a conductor as Mr. Wm. Forde—together with a host of other names, both in the vocal and instrumental department—should not be without a musical society—it is a disgrace to Cork that such should be the case. Musical dinner clubs, though very good places for the "all devouring glories of the dine," can never possibly forward music or the musical profession in any way. It is no great favor to stand up and bellow out a song or glee for the amusement of a set of gentlemen (when their heads are more full of wine than sense), who seek the company of professors for the display of their talent and ask them to dine for its sake only. Cork possesses a cathedral, St. Finn Bars, which ought to possess a good choir, but we fear the revenues of the vicars choral are appropriated to other purposes than the legitimate uses of the choir. There is above one thousand per annum (by law established), under the superintendence of the dean and chapter;—this is sadly perverted, and instead of the choir receiving that sum we should say they hardly receive one-fourth of it. Parties who never visit the cathedral except to receive the amount, enjoy the salary, while paying a miserable stipend for a deputy or professional. Such a state of things should be remedied. Service commences at eleven and three o'clock, on Sundays. The musical service of the cathedral differs very little from that of a parish church; the only characteristic of a cathedral is the singing of an anthem, in rather a different manner from what it ought to be—no service being sung, except in the manner I have stated, as in a parish church. They have rather odd notions of anthem singing in this cathedral; we have heard Dr. Smith's "Nunc Dimittis" in B flat sung as an anthem, instead of occupying its legitimate place in the afternoon service. The organist, Mr. J. B. Stephens, is a gentleman highly esteemed, from his long and meritorious career as a pianoforte teacher, and from the many good pupils he has educated. The names of the singers are—alto, Mr. Robt. Orr; tenors, Mr. J. Keays and Mr. Edwd. Sweeney; basses, Messrs. McCarthy, Roche, and Wheeler, who receive a stipend from £20 to £52 per annum; together with six boys who receive their musical education from the organist. Mr. Allen, the eminent tenor singer of the Princess's Theatre, commenced his musical career in this cathedral. The organ is a pretty fair instrument, but it requires the addition of several stops, and must be kept in better order, before it can be considered perfect. The salary of the organist is £120 per annum. There is another choir in Cork, the most effective of any in the south of Ireland—the Roman Catholic church of St. Mary's—which is under the entire direction of Mr. William F. Gillespie, the organist, a thorough musician, who formed it by his enterprising and spirited exertions. He is a musician who loves his art, a good practical theorist, and moreover, a composer of high repute. He first introduced the masses of Beethoven, Haydn, Hummel, and Mozart, to the Cork public, on being appointed to the present church. Nothing could surpass the abominable rubbish performed in the Catholic churches, in the way of music, before this choir was formed. It consists of four sopranos, two altos, four tenors, and two bass voices, and a solo soprano singer, Mrs. Wookey (late Miss Fanny Russell), of London. The organ is a splendid instrument, built by Gray and Davison; it has twenty-five whole stops, with a double diapason running throughout the whole organ, an octave and a half of pedals, and two stops on the pedals, viz. an open diapason eight feet, and a double open diapason sixteen feet, similar to the organ at St. Paul's. The music is admirably performed here, and quite a lesson for other churches—especially in Cork,

where parochial psalmody and music of the Roman Catholic churches is at a very low ebb, and needs a thorough reformation. There are one or two musical clubs—if they may be so designated—the Albert and the Beefsteak, which meet once a month, to dine and sing glees, and the principal citizens and merchant traders and shopkeepers belong to it; but how much music or the musical profession benefit by it requires no prophet to make known—the reverse being the case in most institutions of the kind. Unless the professor be paid he should never exercise his talent in such places.

W. G.

ANECDOTE OF SEBASTIAN BACH.

BY J. A. STUMPF.

An anecdote of Sebastian Bach cannot be but interesting to all true lovers of sterling music, and the following is founded on the authenticity of my late father, who, at an early period in life, had the fortune to know that great artist of music in person; and whenever the conversation turned on Sebastian Bach, then his recollection awoke, and all that he knew, saw, and heard of that extraordinary individual were before his eyes, and he became all animation, and the following curious occurrence that took place between Bach and a village organist (given to drink), whose name was Kellner, was the subject that never failed to enhance the interest of an evening recreation.

My father had shown, early in life, a great propensity for mechanism, especially for organ building and the construction of instruments for music, and was in consequence placed for instruction with an organ builder of great renown, who had been a pupil of the greatest organ builder at that time in Germany, of the name of Silberman, the builder of the organ in the cathedral of Dresden.

Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach, a town belonging to the duchy of Weimar, where also resided Silberman, to whose care my father was intrusted. Sebastian was in the habit of visiting the manufactory of organs, very often when staying in that town, to whom Henry (my father's name) became much attached, and felt ever delighted when he could render him a service, because his manners were so agreeable and his eyes bespoke kindness. Bach also grew very fond of the youth. Henry now conceived a plan for to construct a small clavicord, after a large one that was in the factory, and was indefatigable at it until it was completed, which first effort he submitted to Sebastian, anxious to know his opinion about it, who seemed much pleased with every part of the instrument except the intonation; for it was tempered in the usual way, namely:—some chords being more favoured, at the expence of others. "Oh, Henry, listen—this is all confusion—touching the chords of 4, 5, and 6 sharps! I find you are possessed of a very good ear, and I will teach you how to tune keyed instruments on some Sunday, but bring your monochord with you; you ought to acquire the art of dividing, in equal parts, the sounds or tones in the chromatic scale, and you will produce harmony, if not perfect, endurable to the ear, for we have no key cord yet on which the enharmonic scale could be produced, and which is not to be commended, for it would increase the difficulties of the performance on such a keyed instrument, and would diminish the imperfection, but not remove it."

When an individual like Shakspeare, on whom the fire from heaven had descended, breaks forth from the many that are cultivating the same art, and some by unremitting application

may reach the higher degree that talent can inspire—their works will ever be works of cultivated talents, but not the creations of genius.

In the time of Shakspeare there were a Fletcher, a Ben Johnson, a Massinger, but that great meteor, Shakspeare, put them all in the shade.

Thus it was in the time of Sebastian Bach—there were many talented artists in music, and one in particular who had dived deep into the science of that inexhaustible art, and whose name was Kellner; but his propensities for drinking spirits had made him but an organist in a village church. Sebastian Bach, who had often heard of Kellner's extraordinary feats on the organ, and felt curious to hear him, but not wishing to write or call on him on account of his bad habits, in this delicate case he went one Sunday to the village where Kellner was organist. Now it happened that on the same day a drinking companion of Kellner's was lingering at the church door, waiting his coming out (who was also a musician), who, to his great surprise, beheld Sebastian Bach, whose person he knew, just entering the church door: delighted at such a sight, he instantly crept up to the organ loft, and, rapping his friend on the shoulder, said, "Hark ye!—Sebastian Bach, by G—d, is below at the door, listening to you!"—for Kellner was then playing his rural congregation out of the door of the church.—Now for something, "dass sich geranst had," meaning something to the purpose. Kellner felt not at all dismayed at the news, but tried to deserve the honor of such a visitor as Bach, and betook himself to a fugue, the subject of which was the letters of the name Bach—B, A, C, H.—B natural is called in German H.—Now Kellner worked the subject in such a masterly manner, at which treatment Bach felt not a little surprised at this bold attempt of Kellner's, who went up to him in a friendly mood, saying, "Here is Bach, whom you so very ingeniously have called in your presence. Kellner now modulating, rather abruptly, into the key of seven sharps, while sliding from his seat to receive the offered hand of Bach, begging him to mount the seat and finish the subject, to which the great master willingly acceded, to the astonishment and delight of these votaries of Bacchus.

The following verses I wrote some years ago under a portrait of Seb. Bach, an engraving in my possession:—

In days of yore, when music yet was young
On art, that waits to heav'n, from whence it sprung;
Her grand dame, Science, long neglected stray'd
In her sequester'd vale and misty shade.

Sebastian Bach felt prompted to explore
Her gloomy mansion and her precious ore,
And, lover-like, pursu'd her day and night;
Love conquer'd all, and toil grew keen delight.

He reach'd the spot, and hail'd the sacred well,
His genius rous'd, and broke the mighty spell;
In greedy draughts his ardent thirst allay'd,
Inspired by her, transcendent pow'rs display'd.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

We are told that the "great foreign musician" applied to by the Philharmonic directors is M. Habeneck, of the *Conservatoire* and *Académie* bands at Paris. At the risk of shocking many of our travelled dilettanti, we must say we cannot altogether subscribe to M. Habeneck's pre-eminence as a conductor—of German music. That he is a disciplinarian, all the world knows, though some of the magical effects of his band are not altogether attributable to himself—for instance, the unanimity of its stringed instruments, the bows of which move with the paral-

Jellism of machinery, arises in great part from the circumstance of so many of the players having been trained in the same school. But, this distinction made, and M. Habeneck's powers of a disciplinarian duly honoured—there is something more than drilling required of a conductor: sympathy with the music under his care. Now, though the French seem to us to rave or to rhapsodize about Beethoven and the other great Germans, the *acme* of perfection in performance demands something more. At the concerts of the *Conservatoire* too much is done: super-refinements are attempted, which impair the ease and grandeur of the composition, and render certain passages *maniéré*, which should be expressive. The peculiar excellence which all music of the French school demands—a neatness of point and rhythm, a *pertness* (so to say) of emphasis in accent, if applied to the works of the great symphonists, tends to make them frivolous or affected—to chain up the flow of grand ideas—to fritter away noble proportions. This will be rated as hypercriticism: and we should not have hazarded the objection had we not had opportunities of comparing the performances of the same German works under Dr. Mendelssohn and M. Habeneck. Nothing, too, but imperfect sympathy could have allowed the latter gentleman to sanction such mistakes as monster quartets, in which delicate chamber music was performed by all the stringed instruments of the band—a proceeding, which, however *taking*, is as unartistic as would be any single song or duet sung by thirty *prime donne*. So much for general remarks, consistent, we hope, with sincere respect for M. Habeneck as a conscientious musician, and a conductor of French operas. One special difficulty, however, must be pointed out, namely, his total unacquaintance with our language. It really seems as if the directors would rather put the severest obstacles in their own way, than recur to the simplest and most natural means of remedy within reach. After Drs. Mendelssohn and Spohr (placed first, because of their superior experience of managing orchestras), there are no foreign conductors, we repeat, better qualified than Mr. Moscheles, or Mr. Benedict, or Mr. W. S. Bennett—due powers allowed them: and the resolute avoidance of these gentlemen suggests ideas little creditable to the parties in office. Their measures must end in the ruin of what was once the solitary instrumental pride of England.

[The election of Sir Henry Bishop occurred subsequent to the appearance of the above clever article.—ED. M. W.]

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. IX.

GENTLEMANLY IGNORANCE.

It is a fact, I think, almost beyond dispute, that, since the time when Lord Chesterfield gave forth his maxims to the rising generation, so widely have we departed from his standard of excellence, that, were it possible for him to rise from his grave, he would scarcely know a gentleman if he were to meet one. In spite of his directions, we are mighty apt, in the present day, to look upon mere dignity as an encumbrance, which we love to throw off and enjoy ourselves, as we would get rid of a superfluous article of clothing in order to breathe more freely. Many persons have been known to laugh outright without being scouted from decent society; and, instead of "paying fiddlers to fiddle to us," the power not only of appreciating, but of executing the works of our great composers, has become almost a stamp of superiority throughout the civilised globe.

Notwithstanding, however, this remarkable change in our habits and manners, we cannot help observing, in looking attentively around us, that a large portion of the old stock is yet amongst us; that there is still a considerable number of individuals, who, "thanking God for their ignorance," walk about the world with a blissful consciousness of their own superiority; men who, formed on the true Chesterfield model, do not trouble themselves about an art, but purchase it when they feel inclined from those who deal in it, in order to show that they can pay for the luxury like gentlemen.

Those persons who cultivate this feeling with regard to music, are usually extremely anxious to impress the fact upon their friends. It is "all very well," they say, "for ladies;" a very pretty accomplishment indeed; so is netting, and so is Berlin wool work, and they love to admire their fingers whilst engaged in these elegant occupations—but as for themselves they have matters of much greater importance to attend to: indeed, they will usually laugh and chuckle at the idea of your thinking

it possible that they could know any thing of music; as if to be intensely ignorant of a subject were one of the finest things imaginable. In speaking of the art, they continually do so under the somewhat contemptuous name of "crotchets and quavers," and invariably prefer to use the commonest terms; just as a person who prides himself upon knowing nothing of phrenology, insists upon calling the organs "bumps," in order to avoid in the slightest degree identifying himself with the science. Whenever they meet a professor of music in company, they are extremely anxious that he should *play*; and, to show that they have been attentive during his performance, as soon as he has finished, they thank him audibly in a tone of gentle encouragement; for, as they think it quite as great an act of kindness on their part to *listen*, they wish it to be distinctly understood that the obligation has been mutual.

As an instance of this feeling, and of the peculiar tone which its possessors assume, I remember once being at a party where a pianist of eminence was present. There had been scarcely any thing but quadrilles during the evening, and, although many of us secretly longed for a specimen of our friend's well-known abilities, we had almost given up all hope of attaining our object. At length, however, during an animated conversation, when every body was anxiously inquiring for a waltz, and numerous audible flirtations were proceeding with great energy in various parts of the room, our host suddenly advanced towards his professional guest, and, slapping him familiarly on the back, with a good-humoured smile said:—"Now, old fellow, suppose you give us a flourish."

As a companion to the above, I was once spending the evening at the house of a gentleman who was an utter stranger to me. He had assembled a few friends together, and, after the customary English small talk had been exchanged, it was unanimously agreed that we should have a *little music*. Upon looking at the pianoforte, however, I found that, not only was it most excruciatingly out of tune, but that four or five of the strings were actually broken, and lying across the others. Not wishing to hurt the feelings of the owner of this instrument, I took him aside, and ventured to suggest that, as the position of his key-board denoted one series of sounds, and as the pressure of the finger would most decidedly produce another, it would be exceedingly difficult to convey any thing like a pleasurable sensation to our listeners. To my surprise he received the communication with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and, after looking at me with astonishment for a few moments, burst into a fit of laughter, and said loud enough to be heard by the whole room:—"What, you've found out that it's out of tune, eh? Ha, ha, ha; capital piano, though: it's very often like this—very often indeed. But we think nothing of it here; only let it alone, and in an hour or two you'll find that it will all come in tune again."

These persons, however, are now almost imperceptibly, but rapidly, passing away, and what was before a boast, will shortly become a reproach. Whilst it was the custom to look to the drama for the wit and intellect of the age, the theatre was an aristocratic lounge, where the true meaning of an author was expounded to the public: in time, however, we began to read and think for ourselves, and, by our firesides, we loved to interpret these productions according to our own feelings. In music we are steadily progressing to the same point: from a mighty and mysterious art, full of cabalistic signs, only to be deciphered by its professors, we are beginning to discover that its many beauties are within the reach of all, and that of the numerous difficulties which have hitherto surrounded it, a very great portion have been placed there, and carefully retained by the ponderously-learned few, for the sake of keeping its magic power as much as possible within their own narrow circle. Fully convinced of this fact, we are now gradually bringing it to the homes of all, and the gentlemanly-ignorant race I have described are considered to have been either *educated* by the past age, or *uneducated* by the present. In both cases the opinion of the world can scarcely be said to flatter their vanity, and as it was upon this very flattery that they have so long subsisted, we have now every reason to imagine that the class will very shortly become extinct.

DR. ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Robert Schumann was born at Zwickan, in Saxony, June 8, 1810. His father was the principal bookseller in that town, and to him we are indebted for the best translation into German of Byron's Poems. While yet a boy, Schumann evinced a decided passion for music, and possessed a singular faculty of expressing particular feelings and sentiments by sounds. The masters whom Schumann preferred in his youth were, after Mozart and Haydn, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, Moscheles, and Ries; he knew nothing of Beethoven, except a few of his pianoforte pieces and quartets. His father wishing to make him an artist, applied

to Carl Maria Von Weber, who would have undertaken the direction of the young man's studies, had not circumstances prevented him. Before he reached his twentieth year, he set the 150th Psalm to music, with orchestral accompaniments; and had composed some fragments of an opera, a few melodies, and pianoforte pieces. At this period he went to the university at Leipzig, by the earnest request of his mother, to study the law, but fully resolved to devote his leisure hours to the study of music. At Leipzig he had frequent opportunities of hearing the most beautiful music executed by first-rate performers, and a new life opened itself to him. At Heidelberg, whither he went in 1829, he prosecuted the study of the piano with renewed ardour, practising from six to seven hours daily; but his labors were arrested by a sudden weakness which seized his right hand, and obliged him to have recourse to the study of the German masters and composition. The *Toccata*, op. 7; the *Intermezzo*, op. 4; and the *Impromptu*, op. 5, were among the works produced by him at this period. In 1834, in conjunction with Louis Shencke, a young pianist and composer of celebrity, he entered into an engagement to conduct a new musical periodical, at Leipzig, *Die neue musikalische Zeitung*. Under his auspices (Louis Shencke having died prematurely) this journal has spread with wonderful rapidity; its critiques are remarkably well written, witty, and impartial. Schumann has been presented with the diploma of doctor of music from the university at Jena; he is also a judge of the musical societies of Holland (of which our countryman, Sterndale Bennett, an intimate friend of Schumann, is also a judge), a member of the German Musical Association, and also of the Society of Euterpe, in Leipzig. Dr. Schumann resides at Leipzig, dividing his time between his editorial duties and his new compositions. He has recently composed a symphony, full of originality, and free from those extravagances which so often deface the modern school of music. He married, after a long and earnest attachment, the celebrated pianist, Mademoiselle Clara Wieck, whose performances have been so highly spoken of throughout Germany. Schumann is greatly admired for his amiable disposition and urbanity of manners. Among the sixty persons who composed music to Becher's Rhine Song, "*Sie sollen ihr trecht haben*," Dr. Schumann's was the most popular; and an English version, with pianoforte accompaniment, was published by Mr. J. W. Hudson, through Mr. Mills, the music seller, Bond Street, and met with a rapid sale, at the period of the dissolution of the Thiers' administration and the frustration of the designs of the French party on the Rhine provinces. Dr. Schumann is considered one of the most learned musicians in Germany, while Madame Schumann still continues to delight at the Abonnement Concerts (subscription concerts) at the Gewandhaus at Leipzig. The wonderful little violinist, Joachim, is studying composition, under Schumann, at the present period.—E. E. H.

NERO'S FESTIVAL SONG,

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

BY CHARLES KENNEY.

From the torpor of life—from its troubles and cares
Haste ye friends to the festival Nero prepares.
Nero—Emperor—raised to the consulship thrice—
Divine master of song—dreaded lord of earth's brood,
Who, in the Ionian mood,
To the ten-corded harp softly measures his voice.

Tarry not, but come quickly! such joys I've in store,
None I promise e'er tasted their equal before;
Nor at Pallas the freedman's, Agenor the Greek's,
Nor amid the gay scenes where grave Seneca sips
Old Falernum, and pressing bright gold to his lips,
In praise of Diogenes speaks.

Nor when down Tiber's current our gay galley sped,
While beneath the rich hangings that over us spread
Fair Aglaë of Phaleros half naked lay;
Nor e'en when the Batavian Prefect consign'd,
Their fetters with flowers entwined,
Twenty slaves, 'mid loud music, to lions a prey.

Hither speed! Soon all Rome in one blaze shall appear!
On yon turret my couch is spread, whence without fear
I may gaze on the fiery stream as it flows.
Men in conflict with tigers I care not to see.
To-day Rome's seven hills a vast circus shall be,
Her strife with fierce flames to inclose.

Thus becomes it the lord of the earth to beguile
Gloomy moments and spread o'er his features a smile.
Like a god, he at times the dread thunder should hurl,
But make speed, night approaches to open the feast.

The fire, like some unwieldy beast,
'Gins to dart its red tongue and black wings to unfurl.

See! See! how its blazing prey now it surrounds,
With huge coils of black vapour, as onward it bounds!
See those tottering walls how it fondles them still!
Massive piles, as it hugs them, sink down into nought!
Oh! that I too had kisses with ruin thus fraught—
Caresses that lovingly kill!

Hear these low sullen sounds, see those clouds of black steam,
And yon figures as ghostlike they flit through the gleam.
Note the silence so deathlike its intervals keep.
Down roll the brass pillars, the portals of gold!

Bright rivers of metal behold,
As 'mid flashes they join Tiber's quivering deep!

Jasper, porphyry, marble—one doom for them all!
Names divine cannot save them, to ashes they fall.
Fell destruction is sway'd to my fondest desire,
And onward, still onward, advances to crush.
While flames in wild conflict with Aquilo rush—
A tempest-torn ocean of fire!

Fare thee well, proud old capitol!—'mid the red flames
A bridge over Hell's gulf Sylla's aqueduct seems.
Nero wills that yon towers and domes be laid low!
'Tis well—Now o'er the face of all Rome the flames burst.
Give thanks thou of cities the first
For the bright crown of glory that circles thy brow.

In my boyhood I learnt—by the Sybils 'twas told—
That thy seven hills, Rome, 'gainst all ages would hold.
That old Time at thy feet would sink conquer'd at last.
That the first blush of dawn was but now on thy day.
Tell me, friends, by the sand, how much longer yet may
This wondrous eternity last.

How sublime through the gloom flaming masses to see!
Eratostratus' self would have now envied me.
'Gainst my pleasure what weighs a whole nation's despair.
See they fly! On all sides burning heaps round them glow.
What ho! take the wreath from my brow—
Ere with Rome's burning breath its leaves fade in my hair.

If with blood spots your holiday garments be splash'd,
In good old Cretan wine quickly let them be wash'd,
For, to all but the bad, blood's a sickening sight.
Cruel games let us smother in pleasures sublime,
To rejoice in a victim's death-shriek is a crime,
Quick drown them in songs of delight.

Thus I punish thee, Rome, thus my vengeance I wreak—
Dost thou not in thy fickle apostacy seek
Now great Jove's holy priests, now the Nazarene crew?
In their fear-stricken eyes godlike power I wield,
A temple to me let them build;
Since the Romans, vile herd, think their gods are too few.

Rome again shall arise, her old self to outvie,
But the cross—the vile cross—in the dust let it lie!
Let the Christian dogs perish—kill all that ye meet!
Let Rome punish in them the sole cause of her woes.
Spare not one! What ho! Slave, there! bring me a rose—
The perfume of roses is sweet.

Original Correspondence.

THE BATTLE OF THE "PERFECT FOURTH."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

Feb. 17th, 1845.

The knight of the "perfect fourth" won't battle. He retreats; scattering imprecations by the way, and hurling moral and demoralizing precepts at my unfortunate head; and calls, sir, upon you to assist him in the perpetration thereof. Can he be so base as to lay this flattering

unction to his soul? The wild plunges he makes at my good faith, are not likely to raise him in the estimation of those who value "fair play," nor can the crooked attempts to hatch up a quarrel with me, for a straightforward exposition of his extraordinary theory, be viewed in any other light than the conception of a mind of the same zigzag conformation. Why did he not defend or relinquish his doctrine, instead of making sly personal attacks upon me, and dodging me into bye ways and lanes, raising mountains of mischief, simply for the purpose of hiding his diminished head behind them. To show your readers that I do not talk at random, I will, with your kind permission, Mr. Editor, analyze his letter, and see what it amounts to. Thus starts our hero on his expedition:—"An honest man's the noblest work of God." So he is, good faith, so he is. Diogenes thought so, and sought him day and night, frequently, and fervently, and cast the moral on his dying breath. But, had he lived in these notable days, and betaken himself to a stroll in broad daylight, minus his tub and lantern, I say had he thus betaken himself to a stroll from Russell Square to Gower Street, through a certain avenue I could mention, and, looking steadily to the left, (ominous direction to be sure) over a well-known portal, he would have discovered the following inscription, written in golden letters:—"Here lives an honest man!" How would his aged eyes have glistened, and his merry heart have leaped for joy! On, on! thou knight of the glittering spear! Well, "On perusing the thirty-four lines written by your correspondent, Mr. Edward Clare, I instantly looked over some of the letters written by your anonymous correspondent 'Inquirer,' in order to compare his language with Mr. Clare's."—Granted thou didst, and with all possible speed, too, and granting also the comparison to be good, where's the reference to the "perfect fourth?" Forsooth, again, saith the champion of the "perfect fourth."—"I might not have taken this trouble, only that in a former number of the *Musical World* you, Mr. Editor, in your notice to correspondents, said, 'for Inquirer' apply to Mr. Edward Clare." Granted again, and how stands the "perfect fourth" now? Well; "an editor does not generally, for his own safety, insert letters without knowing the authors of them;" (not granted) "but still more unlikely would any prudent and respectable editor make false accusations against his correspondents."—Granted to the fullest extent. Does it establish the "perfect fourth" as a consonant only? Well, again:—"I have deserved at Mr. Clare's hands no deceit or puny hypocrisy." Granted; neither has the "perfect fourth" been affirmed by this remark or "double entendre."—"Mr. Edward Clare has made an unfortunate debut." Has he? Yet his first appearance has frightened a valiant man. How does his mishap effect the "perfect fourth?"—"His interpretation of my letter displays pretty nearly the exact powers of a mind accustomed to look at the surface of things." This, certainly, might have effected the "perfect fourth," but does it not appear on the evidence? Proceed:—"I have little doubt but this gentleman thought to himself—ah! ah! now Flowers has made a small mistake, and this will just give me a capital opportunity of showing myself off to advantage." Conceded most thankfully. But let's see what follows:—"Those men are often the most deceived who set traps for others; for deception and cunning hardens (qy. harden) the heart, and shuts (qy. shut) out all the avenues of mercy, and no one could expect to find in such a character high integrity, gentlemanly bearing, or a refined and well stored mind." True, most true. Oh! valiant knight of the Red-cross! But where is the "perfect fourth" upon which thou once wert want to plume thyself! Now then for the grand finale! "I will now briefly ask Mr. Clare three musical questions. First:—Who intimated that five was the inversion of eleven? In my letter I stated that the natural, inverted, and compound intervals should not be mixed up with each other; nevertheless, it is certain that by adding the natural with the compound intervals, 16 will be the product." Will it? Rather curious, reader. Observe, also, how the "perfect fourth" is blinked. Speed on:—"By adding the inverted with the compound intervals, 17 will be the product." Wonderful discovery, beside the "perfect fourth":—

"e. g. $\begin{array}{cccc} 8 & 6 & 4 & 2 \\ 9 & 11 & 13 & 15 \end{array}$ But what of that?"
17 17 17 17

What, indeed, good reader? This may come out in time, though. The second question is:—"What is the direct inversion of the eleventh?" We haven't arrived at the "perfect fourth" yet. Third:—"What consonant intervals in music become dissonant by inversion, or vice versa?" Well, now the "perfect fourth" is lost for ever, and my pardon arrives in time to save me from the penalty and just reward of my indiscretion. Lucky man, that I am, to be pardoned for a direct attack being made upon my person and honour by the very person who made it. If my letter had contained any thing to call for this petulant abuse, I would not for one moment complain; and even now I am not sure that the reply of my worthy friend does not carry its own condemnation, so that my "plaint" becomes a work of supererogation. Be this as it may, I have exhumed my own personal reflections, and am now happy and free from

"envy, hatred, and malice." The three great questions with which my worthy friend has sought to puzzle me, embrace all that his letter contains as a "set off" against my exposition of his doctrine on the subject of the "perfect fourth," and I shall, therefore, now conclude my remarks by applying myself to these alone, although I must remark "en passant," that he has no right to expect that I should answer them, before he either affirms his original proposition, or states what new ground he moves upon. However, despite of this, I am willing to gratify his wish in this matter, and answer his three questions to the best of my ability. First question:—"Who intimated that five was the inversion of eleven?" Answer—I do not know. Second question:—"What is the direct inversion of the eleventh?" Answer—two octaves. Third question:—"What consonant intervals in music become dissonant by inversion, or vice versa?" Answer—none. I will now leave my worthy friend at present, with no other feeling than that of good will towards him, hoping he will make the most of my answers, while I wait patiently for the product.

Believe me, dear Sir, to be
faithfully yours, &c., &c.,
EDWARD CLARE.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Sir,
Liverpool, Feb. 17th, 1845.
My attention was only yesterday directed to the following, which it seems appeared in the *Liverpool Mail* of the 1st instant.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

In the last number of the *Musical World* appears the following letter from a correspondent:—

"May I trouble you to inform me, either by mathematical demonstration or any other decisive means, whether in the Enharmonic Scale the intervals should be as follow:—

F, F sharp, G flat, G;
or, F, G flat, F sharp, G;" &c. &c.

The editor has replied thus:—

"F sharp is lower than G flat. Consequently the notation should be, in our opinion—F, F sharp, G flat, G. We shall be glad, however, of any communication on the subject."

Availing himself of this invitation, our townsman, Mr. Molineux, who probably is the only man that can answer the question definitely, has addressed the following letter to the *Musical World*, through our columns:—(Then follows the letter which appeared in the "*Musical World*" of Thursday, February 6.)

Now surely Mr. Molineux cannot be a party to the compliment here paid to him; for, as Liverpool is not named, we are to suppose, "that Mr. Molineux is the only man," I beg pardon, it says, "probably the only man that" (not who) "can answer the question definitely;" or, in other words, who can solve this mighty musical problem in the united kingdom. Mr. Molineux really must, in this case, be a very great man; or all other professors must be very little men. I do not think myself a very great man, but I think the question in point a very little one. No scale can retrograde; therefore, as F sharp is lower than G flat, which cannot be doubted, it must be F, F sharp, G flat, G: and I do not consider it necessary to go into mathematics, or any other attic (attics) to determine the question.

I am, Sir, yours,
F SHARP AND A SUBSCRIBER.

ON CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

My dear Sir,

Whilst all must deplore the want of taste in appropriating light secular music for the worship of the Almighty, yet I can see no objection to using that pretty melody, the *Sicilian Mariner's Hymn*. When I was under Dr. Rinck, he arranged it most beautifully for four voices, and he expressed his admiration of the melody. I heard this hymn sung in Darmstadt, with his harmonies, and the effect was soothing and tender, creating and leaving in my mind any thing rather than a feeling of impiety. I must own I admire this (and the "Portuguese Hymn") unaffected simple melody; and, so far as my judgment allows me to form an opinion, I think it is well adapted to the pleasing character of the hymn style, which differs from the strict choral school of writing, both of which species of composition are used in the Church of England. I greatly prefer hearing intelligible and sweet melodies in the church to the poor attempts too frequently made to write in the strict choral style. Most modern psalm tunes are little better than melodious cadences, particularly the second and last lines of those written in common metre, which are often nothing more than common endings, which are as fre-

quently used in the theatres as any where else, although written in slow time for the church. Furthermore, these endings are decked out with the three favorite chords in the Tonic, Dominant, and the "added sixth" (I beg pardon, I mean the first inversion of the discord of the seventh on the supertonic), or, as I call it, the supertonic tetrad in the second form. Such writing is not composing or creating musical phrases or strains, but merely copying the most usual set forms of melody. No choral or psalm tune is truly good which is constructed in the form of melodious cadences, because it is barren of all invention. Psalm tunes of four lines should have four distinct ideas: now cadences are not ideas, but merely the endings of ideas. The longer the idea, the shorter the cadence must be. In "long metre," eight notes generally make up the melody of each line, and there should be five or six notes in each strain to form a musical idea upon. A good harmonist can, upon six notes, produce such variety and effect that the endings of each strain cannot be anticipated till he *absolutely falls* into the cadence. Nothing is easier than to discover whether a man be a contrapuntist or not, even by the writing of a simple psalm tune; nor need one look twice at a tune to be able to form an estimate of the writer's knowledge and ability. I will now mention two most prevalent evils amongst English psalm tune writers of the present day: and those only who are free from these evils are really worthy of the title of "CHORAL WRITERS," and may with propriety take such laudable steps as Mr. Hackett has lately done. The first evil is one which is an affront to the art, and reflects little credit on the musician: I allude to the arranging of psalmody, *both for the organ and pianoforte*. What German harmonist would do this? Why would they not? But why do British musicians? The second evil is the unskillful arrangements of those who profess to admire psalm tunes written with two minims in each bar, whilst in the harmony, skipping up or down in crotchets, or dotted crotchets to a fourth or fifth, in order to avoid octaves and fifths. I suppose these liberties with melody are called "licences;" but all close part writers are, of course, obliged sometimes for another motive to commit these nuisances. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will not think me departing from the principle of an artist, by laying before your readers points on art too much overlooked at the present time. No sound thinker can be affronted at the tendency of my remarks, unless it says to that person, "I am guilty of these evils." Then, if they be evils, be rather dissatisfied with them than with me.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S. I quite agree with Mr. T. W. Harding, that, in ascending, F, G flat, F sharp, G, is the right notation of the Enharmonic Scale; and, in descending, G, F sharp, G flat, F. I could easily give "Musica" a musical lesson in proof of the correctness of this opinion, and only wonder that so simple a matter should have caused so much discussion. Lastly, Mr. Editor, as you know me to be a very mercenary character, I could not think of giving away my musical lesson for nothing; and if this P.S. were an advertisement, I would state my terms, which, to "Musica," would be EXTREMELY HIGH!

ONE OR TWO QUERIES FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Editor,

I believe you and I are old friends, but I dare not disclose my original cognomen, as I am entangled in a mesh of romantic difficulties that compel me to move in the world silently and invisibly as old Saturn; and as the title of Editor is a veil which no rude hand should attempt to remove, I dare not ask "Editor, who art thou?" We may understand each other anon. Whether you are he I wot, or any other man, this I trow you are—the director of one of the best musical journals in Europe; and are therefore the most fitting for my present purpose. You must know, Mr. Editor, that I have been out of the musical world for a long period, and have just returned—but whether dropt from the moon, or sprung from the bowels of the earth, mattereth not; suffice it, that I am ignorant of that which has occurred in my absence, and that which exists at present in the musical world. Moreover, I hear such extraordinary and contradictory reports, that I have resolved to propose a few questions to you; your answers to which would much enlighten me, as I hear you never write a line that truth would wish to blot. To begin. *Is it true*—That the Philharmonic determine to follow Mendelssohn's advice, viz., to produce one grand instrumental piece at each concert, written by an Englishman? *Is it true*—That Signor Costa refused to conduct the Philharmonic, on the ground of his insufficiency to follow the footsteps of Mendelssohn? *Is it true*—That every body knows the greatness of one Tritto? Costa's master! *Is it true*—That Julien, Costa, and the other notable artists who infest London, are about to leave our island en masse, disgusted with our unmusical and illiberal

nation? *Is it true*—That Her Majesty permits none but British artists to perform at her concerts and in her private band? *Is it true*—That the aristocracy, disgusted with the prodigality of the Italian opera, wearied with the endless repetition of the same cadence, and the senseless crash of Donizetti noises, has subscribed liberally to erect and endow a National opera? *Is it true*—That Macfarren, Rooke, Barnett, our old friend, Bishop, and a dozen other natives, have each received five hundred pounds in advance to write an opera each for the same? *Is it true*—That an old playmate of mine, bright Artificial Flowers, has ceased to laud himself, and begun to praise talent? That he has resigned the honors of his bachelorship, as a matter of justice, to John Barnett; and apologized to the public for publishing Rincek's arrangements as his own? *Is it true*—That one true musician has lately joined the Contrapuntists' Society? That Bennett and Mudie have entreated the president to enlighten them on the subject of intervals? That he has discovered that two twos make six? *Is it true*—That Signor Costa's last opera is considered the most original and beautiful composition of the age? That it is received with enthusiasm in every continental theatre? *Is it true*—That Loder has become the most amiable leader in the world? If you, Mr. Editor, or one of your talented correspondents, will resolve me all these points, I shall be grateful.

And remain, your obedient servant,

NICODERMUS.

[We cannot undertake to answer any of the questions of our intolerably facetious correspondent. We may ask him one, however. How long has he donned the cap and bells, and clad himself in motley? Though we be not geese, doubtless he will answer *Boh!*—Ed. M. W.]

Provincial Intelligence.

HALIFAX GRAND CONCERT.—Mr. Frobisher's last concert for the season took place on Monday evening, in the Concert Room, Royal Hotel, before the most numerous audience ever witnessed in Halifax. Thalberg, the pianist, was the lion of the evening, and gained fresh laurels by his performances. Miss E. Birch and Miss Dolby sang to the entire satisfaction of the audience. John Parry captivated all present with his humour. The band was led by Mr. Frobisher, who played a solo on the violin (fourth string obligato), which was unanimously encored.

WORCESTER.—The Glee Club held its annual dinner on the 21st, at the Crown Hotel, Broad Street. Mr. R. T. Rea presided, and Mr. W. D. Lingham enacted "Vice." About thirty attended, and separated at a late hour.

The Worcester Harmonic Society, now numbering nearly 70 vocal members, will in future hold their meetings at the large room of the City and County Reading Institution, in Pierpoint Street, where an organ is being built for their use by Mr. Nicholson, of this city. The Society, which is under the superintendence of Mr. Done, cathedral organist, and Mr. E. Rogers, the conductor, will prove to be highly useful at the approaching festival.—*Worcester Journal*.

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Millar's Soirée Musicale took place on the 29th ult. The attendance was numerous and the programme excellent.

PART I.

Glee, "See our bark"	Sir J. Stevenson.
Air, Mr. Millar, "Die geliebte Müller-Inn ist mein"	Curschmann.
Duett, Messrs. Cooper and W. Browne, Violin and Piano	Osborne & De Beriot.
Motett, "Confiteatur tibi Domine"	Rightini.
Aria, Mrs. Millar, "Ah! Pielade,"—Violin Obligato, Mr. Cooper	Rossini.
La Sentinelle, arranged for Voice, Pianoforte, Guitar, and Violin, Messrs. Millar, W. Browne, Cooper, and L. Schulz ..	Hummell.

PART II.

Fantasia, Mr. L. Schulz, Guitar	Schulz.
Glee, "Lurely"	Sir H. E. Bishop.
Duett, Mr. and Mrs. Millar, "Ricciardo che veggo"	Rossini.
Aria, Mr. Millar, "Deh vien la finestra"—(Guitar, Mr. Schulz) ..	Mozart.
Song, Mrs. Millar, "Come, Summer, come"	Sir H. R. Bishop.
Rondo a la Chasse, Mr. Schulz, Guitar	Schulz.

BIRMINGHAM.—Monday evening, the last of the experimental organ performances, was better attended than the first. There were upwards of thirteen hundred people in the Hall. The programme commenced with Bach's fugue in D major. Mr. Stimpson did full justice to this noble composition. The "Benedictus" (From the Requiem) was another treat, and the lighter music for the second part was appreciated by the class of people for whose amusement it was intended. The second experimental quarter begins on Monday.—(*Birmingham Pilot*.)

NOTTINGHAM, Feb. 13th, 1845. (From our own Correspondent.)—Tuesday Evening, the 11th instant, was one of great interest to the Nottingham Anacreontic Society, as being the time fixed upon by the Committee for awarding the prizes offered by the Society for the composition of the best Convivial Glee. The first prize was gained by the glee of "Welcome joy and feast"—and when it was announced from the chair that Mr. Henry Earner was the successful candidate, it was received with rapturous applause. Mr. H. Farmer's health was drunk (with musical cheers); after which he made a suitable reply. The Glee is of a very spirit stirring nature, was sung with admirable precision and effect, and was loudly called for a second time. It is now in the course of publication, and will doubtless be an acquisition to all Glee Societies. Mr. Ward gained the second prize;—his Glee is called "Spring," and was received also very warmly and encored. Both compositions were listened to with a degree of interest seldom witnessed, and altogether the evening was one of great interest. Doubtless if this good example were followed by other societies in England, it would tend to stimulate young musicians to exertion, and eventually be productive of much improvement to musicians and the public generally. That the Nottingham Anacreontic Society may prosper must be the wish of all true artists.

Q IN THE CORNER.

EDINBURGH.—On Saturday last the second of six Association concerts for the season took place in the Music Hall, in presence of a respectable audience. The severity of the weather doubtless kept away many subscribers from the concert room, but it would be melancholy indeed if music were to die and be buried in Scotland; and if our musical instruments were to become no better than the grave-urns treated of by Sir Thomas Brown of Norwich—"sad and sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices; silently expressing Old Mortality." The concert began with Cherubini's Overture to *L' Hôtellerie Portugaise*, an opera produced at Paris in 1798. Mr. Pein's Oboe Solo, by Brod, was extremely well played. Mr. Pein introduced an air, which, although generally believed to be Scotch, was actually composed by an English clergyman about the end of the last century—"Auld Robin Gray." Henry Brod, the composer of part of Mr. Pein's Solo, was born at Paris in 1799, where he became one of the best oboe-players in Europe. Besides his other compositions, he has published a complete book of instruction for the oboe. He was one of the first to introduce important improvements in the construction of the oboe, by lengthening the tube of the instrument, and boring it with greater accuracy; and by removing some of the finger-holes farther from the end of the bell-shaped extremity of the oboe, and altering the positions of the finger-keys. Mozart's *Symphony* in C major, and part of Beethoven's *Septuor* were extremely well performed. As Mr. Owen had rather a prominent part in this septuor, we could not help remarking the judgment with which he subdued the tones of his clarinet, and the expressive style of his playing. Labitsky's *Walzer* "*Bronislaus*," was good of its kind. The overture to "*La Gazza Ladra*" went off, we have said, with great spirit. That opera was produced at Milan in 1817, and had prodigious success all throughout Italy. We were in Italy in 1817-18-19, and wherever we went "*La Gazza Ladra*" was sure to be heard in the Italian theatres. G. F. G.

TAUNTON.—The fourth and last of the series of concerts given by Miss Wingrove, Mr. Comer, and Mr. Pridham, took place on Tuesday evening, and was numerously attended. The performers were Miss Staples Evans, from the Royal Academy; Miss Wingrove, Miss Pettit, Mr. Comer, Mr. Pridham, Mr. S. Summerhayes, and several amateurs. Miss Evans has a voice of excellent quality, good taste, and a correct ear. Miss Wingrove presided at the pianoforte, and accompanied the different songs. Miss Pettit won favour by her unaffected talent. Mr. Comer sang several songs, Italian and English, in admirable style, and was heartily applauded. His "*Old House at Home*" was warmly encored. Mr. Pridham favoured the audience with a violin solo, and a solo on the piano, which were much applauded. Mr. Summerhayes did good service with his violin and cornopean. We cannot take our leave of these concerts without expressing satisfaction at their success, looking forward with confidence to a second series, as soon as circumstances will allow.—*Somerset County Gazette*.

CROYDON.—Feb. 8. On Wednesday evening Mr. Hobbs conducted a concert at the hall of the Croydon Literary Institution, the proceeds of which have been handed over to a committee for the benefit of Mrs. Gardner and her family, formerly of the Greyhound Inn, Croydon, whose posting and tavern business were materially reduced by the opening of the London and Brighton Railway. The concert was patronised by the Earl and Countess of Eldon, the Earl of Caledon, Sir Edmund and Lady Antrobus, the Hon. Mrs. Plantagenet Cary, &c. The glees, madrigals, &c., were all in the most effective style. The committee, in consideration of Mr. Hobbs' liberality towards a native of the town of Croydon, presented to him an elegant silver-gilt inkstand.—*Great Western Advertiser*.

CHELTEMHAM.—Mr. Woodward's concert at the Assembly Rooms on Friday evening, the 14th inst., proved eminently successful. The lady vocalists were Miss Dolby and Miss E. Birch. Both were exceedingly well received. Thalberg the pianist was greatly admired in fantasias on "*Masaniello*" and "*Don Pasquale*." John Parry gave "*Fayre Rosamond*," "*The Polka Explained*," and "*The Accomplished Young Lady*," with genuine humour. Mr. Calkin was the accompanist.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

NORTHAMPTON.—A lecture on music was lately delivered at the All Saints' School Rooms, by Mr. J. F. Klitz. The room was well filled, and the audience much gratified by the able manner in which the subject was treated. The lecture was chiefly on ancient music—then coming down to the time of Elizabeth—with a rapid sketch of music in our own days. The musical illustrations were tastefully performed. It is the intention of Mr. Klitz, ere long, to renew this instructive species of entertainment.—*Northampton Herald*.

SHREWSBURY.—Feb. 5. The second concert of the Choral Society took place on Monday, and was attended by a fashionable audience. The principal performers were Thalberg, Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Calkin, and Mr. John Parry. The opening symphony was played with precision, and, considering the smallness of the orchestra, good effect. This was followed by Horsley's trio, "*When shall we three meet again*." Miss Birch possesses a good quality of voice, particularly the upper part, which is sweet and flexible, and with a little more study will make an excellent singer. In the duet "*And can'st thou, Mother*," Miss Birch seemed to gain confidence, and sang in a firmer tone than in the trio. The cavatina "*Una voce poco fa*," is not suited to Miss Dolby's voice; the transposition of it spoils its brilliant effect. Of Thalberg little need be said. His fine execution and delicacy of touch proved a great treat. We were reminded of an anecdote which appeared some time since in the *Musical World*, of Cramer being asked by Dreychock what he thought of his playing. Cramer replied:—"You play very well, but you have no left hand." Some days after, Dreychock, who had been practising an exercise for the left hand, again played before Cramer, who said he had no left hand, but two very good right ones:—the same may well apply to Thalberg. John Parry was as amusing as ever. Mr. Calkin acquitted himself well in what little he had to do—he has a good voice, and is a pleasing singer. Mr. Hiles played a solo upon the organ, and with that neatness of execution which characterises his performances. The madrigals did credit to the performers, which showed they had carefully practised them.—*Shrewsbury Journal*.

Foreign Intelligence.

ROME.—For some years past, in the winter season, the Germans residing at Rome, have had an annual grand national musical festival. It took place this year, on the 24th and 31st of January, in the *Salon di Duca Caffarelli*, in the capitol, and was attended by a very select European audience, consisting of about 600 persons. The music was under the direction of Herr Landsberg, assisted by Herr Eckert and Herr Frank from Breslaw. The chorus and solo singers (male and female) consisted of 100 Italian artists, with a powerful orchestra of Italian *professori*, by whom the master works—ancient as well as modern—of the great German composers were introduced, comprising selections from Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, and *Judas Maccabæus*—Gluck's *Armide*—Sebastian Bach's *Rhythmical Church Music* of the fifteenth century—Haydn's *Seasons*—Mozart's *Ave verum*, and the finales of the two acts from *Don Juan*—and the march from Beethoven's *Prometheus*. These classical works were executed with a precision and taste which surpassed the expectations of the audience, and several pieces were encored with enthusiasm. Though it is difficult to divide with strict justice the triumph of these festivals, it does not exclusively belong to the German composers—but, in some degree, a share of it falls to the lot of the three German musicians, under whose direction their noble works were produced. They have succeeded in setting the Romans

right with regard to their artistical self-adoration and unbounded egotism. They have made them comprehend by *Italian instrumentalists and vocalists*, the depth of German art. Thirty-two rehearsals were spent upon these musical festivals—yet, the advantage gained was well worth the trouble. The Italians now confess that the noble art of music belongs in the greatest measure to the Germans, and eagerly listen to the works of the great German masters. They are moreover surprised at their own capabilities when acting under the direction of foreigners, and are astonished at the grandeur and profundity of the music they are interpreting. The Italians begin now to appreciate the nobility of German art in general, which moves the heart and elevates the mind of man, presenting to his fancy the most moral and magnificent images added to which, they at last acknowledge the beauty of the German melodies, which impress as much by their simplicity as their grace. The *salon* was decorated with colossal busts of Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. — (*From a correspondent of the "Allgemeine Zeitung," communicated by ALBERT SCHLOSS.*)

Miscellaneous.

SEBASTIAN BACH.—Messrs. Coventry and Hollier are about publishing a book of Forty-four *Corales*, from the original MSS. of this celebrated composer, under the superintendence of Dr. Mendelssohn. These *Corales* have never before been published, and will be doubtless welcomed with avidity by the musical profession, and especially the admirers of the illustrious Bach, who, we are happy to say, both in London and the provinces, are sufficiently numerous.

MR. TREAKELL, whose vocal works we have more than once had occasion to praise, has lately written a pianoforte sonata, dedicated to Sterndale Bennett. This sonata is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Coventry and Hollier. Our provincial friends are making rapid strides in the higher branches of the art.

MR. GARDNER and MR. BAKER, pupils of Signor Crivelli, gave a vocal entertainment at Wornum's Rooms, on Tuesday night, which was well and respectably attended. The concert-givers, who are vocalists of considerable promise, displayed their abilities to advantage in several songs and duets of the English school. Mr. Gardner was highly effective in Edward Loder's popular song, "The Outlaw;" and in Purcell's "Mad Tom" gave evidence of good declamatory power. Mr. Baker sang "The harp that once in Tara's halls," with great feeling; and, while giving due effect to the melody, did not forget the words of Moore. In Loder's "Old house at home," Mr. Baker was equally effective. The duets, of which there were four, were excellently rendered by both gentlemen, and the audience seemed highly pleased with their evening's amusement.

MADAME D'EICHTHAL.—This eminent harpist has met with great success, on several recent occasions, in Paris. She has played at court before the King and the Duke de Nemours, where she was greatly admired and complimented. She gives a concert in Erard's *salon*, in Paris, to-day; and will return to London about the end of March.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL will commence on the 16th of September.

MR. C. E. HORN's new oratorio, *Satan*, will be produced by the Melophonic Society on the 18th of March.

MADAME ALBERTAZZI's benefit, on Tuesday night, at the Princess's Theatre, was attended by an immense crowd, evidently anxious to testify their respect for one of the most amiable and talented members of the profession. After *Don Cesar de Bazan*, in which the inimitable acting of James Wallack delighted the audience beyond measure, a concert of vocal and instrumental music was performed, which included so many things worthy notice that we must content ourselves with naming the eminent artists who afforded their assistance on the occasion. The vocalists were Madame Albertazzi, Miss Lucombe, Madame Lablache, the Misses Smith, Miss Friedel, Mdlle Albertazzi, Miss Dolby, and Mrs. Alfred Shaw—Signor Lablache, Mr. G. Barker, and Signor Ferrari. Signor Brizzi was down in the programme, but did not appear. The instrumentalists were Mr. Lindley, the Messrs. Distin, Miss J. Heinkie, Mr. Winterbottom, Mr. Grattan Cooke, and Signor Negri, conductor. The concert, though much too long, afforded the utmost pleasure, and was followed by a divertissement and a favorite farce.

MELOPHONIC SOCIETY.—A pleasing selection of ancient and modern music was given by this Society, on Friday, the 21st, at Mr. Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer Street. We have not space to enumerate the performance in detail; we shall therefore content ourselves with the main features of the concert. Rossini's lately published chorus, *La Carita*, was nicely sung, but required more singers to render it effective. Mr. Lockey gave us two songs and a duet of Dr. Boyce's, with his sister, which they both sang with much taste and expression. Mr. Lockey has a fine voice, which, if properly cultivated, will render him an excellent singer. Mr. Novello executed Purcell's *Cantata*, "Let the dreadful engines," with artist-like skill. Miss Ley made a great impression in Mozart's "Parto." She has a fine soprano, with the middle notes particularly good. A ballad of John Barnett's was extremely well rendered by Miss M. Williams, and a trio by Mr. Brinley Richards, commendable for its skilful voicing and sprightly melody, were sung in the course of the evening. Among the features of the concert, we may also mention Miss Thornton's charming interpretation of a ballad, unknown to us, and the perfect singing of the two Misses Williams, in a duet, written expressly for them (as the programme informed us) by Mr. Clement White. Miss Thornton pleased us exceedingly by her voice and method, and was deservedly encored. Mr. Clement White seems to have measured the powers of the Misses Williams with admirable effect; at least the duet, "Tell, sister, tell," gave us that idea, with such perfect ease and delicacy was it sung. A warm and unanimous encore was the result. The duet is dramatic and melodious; the solos well written, and the voicing effective. It is likely to become a standard favorite in the concert room.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN PARRY.—(*Leader and Cook*). This is, decidedly, one of the most successful efforts of M. Baug-niet's pencil. The eminence which this clever artist has acquired by his portraits of Miss Dolby, Benedict, Albert Smith, Jules de Glimes, Samuel Lover, and other public characters, leads us to expect greater things from each succeeding attempt. The portrait before us has the distinguishing attributes of a true work of art, and joins to these the desirable requisite of a striking resemblance to the popular humorist whose unmistakable physiognomy it represents. So that it will please equally as a good picture and a famous likeness. M. Baug-niet has judiciously taken John Parry in a moment of inspiration, with one finger on one key of the pianoforte, and looking, as Boz observes, (or might have observed) intensely everywhere.

MR. CARTE gave two brilliant concerts on Thursday—one in the morning at Wandsworth, the other at the Bridge Hotel, London Bridge, in the evening. They were both crowded. The programme was the same at the morning and evening performances. M. Thalberg was the great star of attraction, and performed his fantasias on *Masaniello*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Don Pasquale* in magnificent style. Mr. Carte, in a fantasia by Nicholson, which he executed with great brilliancy on the Böhm flute, was enthusiastically received. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, who in the air "*Se m'Abbandonai*," (accompanied by Mr. Carte, flute obligato) sang very sweetly, and was encored in Horn's delicious ballad, "The Fairy's Flight"—Miss Eliza Birch, who imparted much interest to a couple of ballads, which she rendered unaffectedly and well—Mr. Wetherbee, who has a fine baritone voice, which he displayed to eminent advantage in Schubert's "Wanderer"—Mr. Joseph Calkin, who was highly successful in a ballad by Lover, and also officiated as accompanist during the evening—and Mr. John Parry, who interpreted a historical legend, and chanted a new song. The performances afforded singular gratification to all present—a result not surprising, considering the celebrity of the artists whom Mr. Carte had pressed into his service.

VIEUXTEMPS.—This eminent violinist is engaged for a fortnight's tour in the Provinces, with Miss Dolby, Miss Eliza Birch, Mr. Calkin, and Mr. John Parry—to commence March the 31st. Vieuxtemps is expected in London in less than a fortnight.

A NEW VIOLINIST.—We have been much gratified by the performances of a young violinist of remarkable ability just arrived from Vienna. The name of the young artist is Simon. He has been a fellow pupil of Joseph Joachim, from whom he has brought letters of recommendation to several friends in London. We had the pleasure of hearing him at the house of a friend, and were surprised and delighted with the brilliancy and sureness of his mechanism, the truth of his intonation, and the fervour and animation of his style. M. Simon is, we think, likely to figure conspicuously, if he intends remaining in London during the coming season.

VERDI's opera, *Ernani*, to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, is the property of Boosey and Co., of Holles Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. W. WOOD—MISS KATE LODER—MR. MONK—received with thanks. MR. ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE—MUSICA—MR. MOLINEUX—next time. MR. COMER—received with thanks; we shall be much obliged for our correspondent's offered information, and shall make use of the extract he so obligingly enclosed us. A SUBSCRIBER, (Oxford). We agree with our correspondent, and shall endeavour to do as he suggests; some difficulties, however, stand in the way just at present. A notice of M. Thalberg—a number of reviews—a letter from our Paris correspondent—and several other important articles unavoidably postponed till next week. MR. BATES and MR. W. BROWNE—their concerts will be noticed in our next. The Edinburgh musical chair will form the subject of our next week's leader.

Advertisements.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

On Wednesday Evening, March 5, 1845, will be performed Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadock;" Overture to Esther; Total Eclipse and Dettigen Te Deum; Purcell's Cantata, "In Gulliy Night;" and Jubilate in D; Lord God Almighty, by Neukomm; Luther's Hymn; the Old Hundredth Psalm; &c. &c. Principal Vocal performers—Miss Rainforth, Miss Poulter, Mr. Young, Mr. Braham, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin. The Band and Chorus will consist of above Five Hundred Performers. Tickets, 3s. each. Reserved Seats, 5s.—may be had of the principal Music Sellers; of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross; Mr. Mitchell, 39, Charing Cross; and of Mr. Rice, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall. THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec. The Subscription to the Society is One Guinea per annum. Persons desirous of becoming Subscribers are requested to apply at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday Evening, between the hours of Eight and Ten.

MR. JOHN PARRY

Will sing at the Second Soirée of

MISS ELLEN LYON AND MISS ELIZA M. LYON,
ON MONDAY NEXT, MARCH 3RD.,
AT BLAGROVE'S CONCERT ROOMS, 71, MORTIMER STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

To Commence at Half-past Eight o'Clock.—Vocalists Misses Cubitt, Groom, Ellen Lyon, Eliza M. Lyon. Messrs. Wrighton, Cox, and John Parry. Violin, Mr. Case; Flute, Mr. Carte; Harp, Mr. T. Wright; Trio, Corelli; Two Violoncellos, and Double Bass, Messrs. W. L. Phillips, Guest, and Howell. Conductor, Mr. C. E. Stephens. A Ticket, admitting one, 5s., ditto, two, 8s., ditto, three, 10s., to be had at the Rooms, the principal Music Shops, and of the Misses Lyon, 23, Nassau Street, Cavendish Square.

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TESTIMONIALS.

A letter from Mr. Sterndale Bennett, professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Musical Academy, London.

My dear Sir,—Having examined with attention and interest your *Chirogymnast*, it is with much pleasure that I give my opinion in favour of its utility. I entertain not the least doubt that it will become of general use with young performers, who will, by its use, acquire equal strength in all their fingers. They will thus look upon you in the light of one of their best friends, and in the hope that your clever invention may be duly appreciated, I remain, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

W. S. BENNETT,

Professor of the pianoforte at the Musical Academy, London, and Director of the Philharmonic Society.

A letter from Mr. Ch. de Beriot, professor of the violin, at the Royal Musical Academy, Brussels.

Paris, Oct. 3rd, 1842.

Sir,—I have received the *Chirogymnast* you had the kindness to send me, and having carefully examined it, I perceived at once all the advantages that may be derived from your clever invention. I am desirous of buying one of these instruments, with the intention of submitting it to the approbation of M. Fétis, Director of the Royal Musical Academy, Brussels, being persuaded that he will appreciate your invention, and adopt it in the establishment of which he is Director.

I remain, sir, &c. &c.

CH. DE BERIOT.

Paris, Oct. 18th, 1842.

Sir,—I have examined with much interest the *Chirogymnast* you submitted to my inspection, and am delighted in assuring you of the pleasure I felt. I am persuaded that it offers many advantages, and that its usefulness to pianoforte players is incontestable.

I am, sir, &c.

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(To be Continued.)

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---	--

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